

THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rodrigo, and Iago.

Rodrigo.
Never tell me, I take it much unkindly
 That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,
 As if y^e strings were thine, should'st know of this.
Ia. But you'll not heare me. If euer I did dream

Of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rodo. Thou told'st me,
 Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me
 If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Citie,
 (In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
 Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
 I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
 But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)
 Euaues them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
 Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,
 Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,
 I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?
 For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,
 One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
 (A Fellow almost damnd in a faire Wife)
 That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,
 Nor the deuision of a Battaille knowes
 More then a Spinsters. Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:
 Wherein the Tongued Confuls can propose
 As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without practise)
 Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th' election;
 And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe
 At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
 Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd
 By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
 He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
 And I (blessed the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.

Rodo. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
 'Tis the curse of Seruice;
 Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood Heire to th' first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,
 Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd
 To loue the Moore?

Rodo. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir content you.

I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.
 We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke
 Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
 That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
 Weares out his time, much like his Masters Aile,
 For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Calne'd.
 Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are
 Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
 Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And throwing but shewes of Seruice on their Lords,
 Doe well thirue by them.
 And when they haue lin'd their Coates
 Doe themselves Homage.
 These Fellowes haue some soule,
 And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
 It is as sure as you are *Rodrigo*,
 Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
 In following him, I follow but my selfe.
 Heauen is my Iudge, not I for lone and dutie,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
 The native act, and figure of my heart
 In Complement exterie, 'tis not long after
 But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue
 For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

Rodo. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
 If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call vp her Father:
 Rowle him, make after him, poyson his delight,
 Proclaime him in the Streets. Inscend her kinsmen,
 And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
 Plague him with Flies: though that his loy be Ioy,
 Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
 As it may loose some colour.

Rodo. Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
 As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
 Is spied in populous Cities.

Rodo. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.

Iago. Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues,
 Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
 Theeues, I theeues.

Bra. Above. What is the reason of this terrible
 Summons? What is the matter there?

Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, y^e are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
 Your

Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule
 Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
 Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
 Awake the sleeping Citizens with the Bell,
 Or else the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.
 Arise I say.

Bra. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rodo. Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rodo. My name is *Rodrigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
 In honest plainnesse thou hast heard me say,
 My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
 (Being full of Supper, and dissembling draughtes)
 Vpon malicious knauerie, dost thou come
 To start my quiet.

Rodo. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
 My spirits and my place haue in their power
 To make this bitter to thee.

Rodo. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?

This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

Rodo. Most graue *Brabantio*,

In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Ia. Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,
 if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,
 and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daugh-
 ter couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'le haue your Ne-
 phewes neigh to you, you'le haue Couriers for Cozens:
 and Gennets for Germanes.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
 ter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee *Rodrigo*.

Rodo. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you
 if be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
 (As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
 At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th' night
 Transported with no worse nor better guard,
 But with a knaue of common hire, a Gudelier,
 To the grosse clasps of a Lasciuious Moore:
 If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
 We then haue done you bold, and fauicr wrongs.
 But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
 We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleene
 That from the fence of all Ciuitie,
 I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
 Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
 I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,
 Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
 In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
 Of here, and euery where: straight satisfy your selfe.
 If she be in her Chamber, or your house;
 Let loose on me the Iustice of the State
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
 Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
 This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
 Beleefe of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light.

Iago. Farewell: for I must leaue you.

It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place

To be produced, (as)
 Against the Moore. I
 (How euer this may g
 Cannot with safetie c
 With such loud reaso
 (Which euen now sta
 Another of his Padom
 To lead their Busines
 Though I do haue him
 Yet, for necessitie of p
 I must show out a Flay
 (Which is indeed but
 Lead to the Sagitary
 And there will I be w

Enter *Brabantio*

Bra. It is too true
 And what's to come o
 Is naught but bitterne
 Where didst thou see
 With the Moore saist
 How didst thou know
 Past thought: what f
 Raile all my Kindred.

Rodo. Truly I thi

Bra. Oh Heauen
 Oh treason of the blo
 Fathers, from hence m
 By what you see then
 By which the proper
 May be abus'd? Hau
 Of some such thing?

Rodo. Yes Sir: I h

Bra. Call vp my B

Some one way, some a
 Where we may appe

Rodo. I thinke I can

Bra. Pray you lea

(I may command at m
 And raise some special
 On good *Rodrigo*, I w

Scen

Enter *Othello*, *Iago*

Ia. Though in the
 Yet do I hold it very f
 To do no contrin'd M
 Sometime to do me se
 I had thought t'haue y

Othello. 'Tis better

Iago. Nay but he p

And spoke such scurvy
 Against your Honor, t
 I did full hard forbear

Are you fast married?

That the Magnifico is
 And hath in his effect
 As double as the Duke
 Or put vpon you, wha

Exit.